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HON. FRANCIS W. PICKENS, GOVERNOR OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

GOVERNOR PICKENS, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

We publish herewith a portrait of Governor Pickens, the newly-elected Governor of the State of South Carolina.

Governor Pickens comes of good revolutionary stock. His grandfather, General Pickens, commanded the American forces at the Battle of the Cowpens. His father, Colonel Pickens, held a military command in the war of 1812, though it is not known that he was ever engaged in active service. The present Governor, Francis W. Pickens, was born in South Carolina about fifty years

ago, and has been some twenty years in public life.

He took an active part in the nullification movement in 1832, and was one of the most ardent champions of actual resistance by arms. In 1835 he was sent to Congress, where he represented one of the South Carolina districts for ten years. He was offered the mission to England by President Polk, and the mission to France by President Tyler; he declined these, but accepted from President Buchanan the mission to Russia, which he filled until recently. On his return home he was elected, as the world knows, first Governor of the independent State of South Carolina.



HON. JUDGE MAGRATH, SECRETARY OF STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

The Herald publishes the following anecdotes about the Governor:

"During the nullification time, the remark was made that the occasion was one that might excite fears and apprehension, when Colonel Pickens is alleged to have replied as follows:

"Fear! fear! Mr. President, I was born insensible to fear!"

"His servant man, Tom, an old negro about sixty-five years of age, stands in the relation to him of a confidant and a friend more than that of a slave. When Colonel Pickens received his appointment to Russia he said to his faithful old servant:

"Now, Tom, I have been appointed as Minister to Russia. It is a very cold, a very bad climate for you.

On my way there I'll have to pass through the State of New York, and also through England, where you'll be a free man, and if you have a desire to leave me you will have an opportunity to do so. If you would rather go to Russia, Tom, you can go; but it appears to me you would enjoy yourself better if you stay at home. But you can do as you please."

"Master Colonel Pickens," said the faithful old fellow—Master Colonel Pickens, your father and my old master died in my arms on the banks of the Mississippi; I took from his pocket thirteen hundred dollars in money and his gold watch, and I let nobody know it, and I came on foot through the woods and brought it safely to you in Carolina—you know, master; and if you die in Russia, you shall die in my arms, like your father."

"So Tom went to St. Petersburg, and he was the head



REV. DR. BACHMAN, WHO ASKED A BLESSING ON THE SECESSION ORDINANCE.



THE CHARLESTON ZOUAVES.—(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

MR. RAREY, THE HORSE-TAMER, IN NEW YORK.

EVERY one has heard of Mr. RAREY, the horse-tamer, whose exploits in Europe created such a sensation. We have on several occasions illustrated Mr. RAREY's performances, and in No. 84, published August 7, 1858, we gave a full account of his method. Mr. RAREY is now in New York giving exhibitions. His first exhibition took place on January 5th at Niblo's.

The stage at Niblo's was converted for the time into a sort of stable-yard, strongly walled with boards on three sides, and with ropes toward the audience. Before Mr. RAREY made his appearance the famous horse CRUISER, who was trained in England by him, was introduced into this inclosure. Mr. RAREY then came forward and said:

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I have here to-day several subjects upon which I will endeavor to explain my system.

placed them upon him by letting a rope down through the roof of his stall, fastening it under his neck, and raising him off his fore feet. This is the first time he has been on the stage in this country. We have had no rehearsal; but instead of kicking, as he used, he will now (as you see) give me his foot like a gentleman."

Mr. RAREY and his subject walked several times round the inclosure, and finally came to a standstill, when, taking a couple of leather straps from his pocket, RAREY said,

"These two straps are all that I used to tame this horse."

A moment, and one of the straps, dexterously placed upon the fore leg, reduced the quadruped to a tripod. The second strap was as quickly looped around the other fore foot, and drawn through the belly-band. Cruiser took a step forward, Mr. RAREY pulled the second strap, and the animal was on his knees to his master, who fell beside him, and, rising, began pulling his head backward and forward. He jumped Cruiser like mad, and quick

lay with his head between the horse's heels. As he did this he said:

"I am just as sure that he will not kick me as that a stone will not of itself fly up and strike me. Why should he? He will not unless he gets angry, and I shall see that immediately. At my first exhibition before the Queen and Prince Albert, after experimenting with an unbroken colt and a very vicious horse, the riding-master asked if I would try a very nervous horse. I said certainly, but that I had already despatched them over two hours. They asked me how long I should take. I said fifteen minutes. The Queen said she would give me half an hour, and the party would walk about till then. None of them then knew my system; so I went into the box where the horse was, and in less than fifteen minutes had the animal under control. When I showed it to the party all were astonished. Prince Albert, thinking that I used some powerful drug, asked if the horse had the use of its legs. I replied that no means had been used to deprive the animal of its faculties, and made the horse get up. Subsequently I performed before them four times. See, I place this horse's foot upon me. There is no danger. He would

be brief but fierce, and he was down, and Mr. RAREY was on his back. He rose again after a few moments, and was again forced down. As he had the reputation of taming Mr. RAREY struck his jaws together until the horse seemed to realize that they did not belong to him; then he put his arm in his mouth without accident. In closing the lecture Mr. RAREY said:

"I have never had an accident since I became perfect in my system, and I don't fear any. I have been among horses since I was twelve years old, and at first had a great many accidents. Every limb has been broken except my right arm; but being young when these accidents happened, the bones fortunately healed strongly. Now I know horses' every thought, and can break any animal of whatever age and habits, in the world. I can make any animal sensible of my power—make them gentle and even affectionate."

On Tuesday Mr. RAREY gave another exhibition, and introduced Cruiser to the audience. He said:



MR. RAREY AND CRUISER—"CRUISER, SHAKE HANDS!"

When I went to England and exhibited there the papers all said, "This is very well, but try Cruiser." I immediately wrote to Lord Dorchester about the horse, and he replied that the horse could not be brought to me, but that I must come to him. I did go to him. The horse had out-bred out of his box for three years; a brick stable had to be built for him, and he would have been shot but he was so anxious to preserve him if possible. I found that by his biting and kicking he had so injured himself that he could not be taken out of his box, and so I had to wait for his recovery. I went down to see him quietly and unknown, but somehow the papers got hold of it, and every body said that I had not yet seen Cruiser. Under this I had to remain three weeks, and then I was able to take him to London. I will now show you Cruiser."

Cruiser is a large, bony horse, over sixteen hands high, and of immense bone and muscle. His color is a very dark bay, with white spots on the head and feet; he looks the English thoroughbred all over, and, with kind treatment, may prove a great acquisition in this country.

"There," said Mr. Rarey, exhibiting them, "are the collar and muzzle which Cruiser used to wear. They

as a flash Mr. RAREY crawled out of danger. Before RAREY had his horse again at the footlights, and, pointing to a graze upon Cruiser's hip, said:

"In coming over the horse injured his hip, and it unusually resists and ill at ease. You see he will not allow himself to be dragged about. I have not laid hands on him before except when I took him from his box, since we left the Crystal Palace, London. I will not detain you longer with him, as I have several other untamed horses ready."

The next horse introduced was a "hard and nervous peller"—an animal of the Messenger blood. By gently fondling his head and caressing him, Mr. RAREY succeeded in making him follow him round the arena. He led him by a strap. He then fastened a strap round his fore leg so as to make him limp on three legs, and finally knelt. When the second strap was attached, a struggle ensued, which ended in the horse lying down. Mr. RAREY sat on him, took off the straps, knocked the horse's feet together, rubbed them against his face, and

no more tread heavily upon me than a mare upon her foal."

The next subject was a wild horse from South America, which threw Mr. RAREY several times, plunging, rearing, and hitting with every sign of rage and fury. On his leg, too, Mr. RAREY attached the fatal strap, and after a struggle of prolonged duration, he, too, was thrown, and Mr. RAREY was upon him. After rising up and sitting down again on the horse's back several times, in order to accustom the horse to the sensation, Mr. RAREY raised him up, and concluded his remarks on the animal's back. He said:

"It is entirely wrong to keep upon a horse's back and hold fast, no matter how frightened he may be. There is now a perfect understanding between us. All horses like me after this process. They all come to me gladly. This is the test of breaking: If they fly away from you, then know you have treated them badly; if they come to you, they know you are a friend."

The last horse tested was a vicious stallion owned by Mr. Luff of Harlem Lane, and named "Jo Anderson." The struggle with this horse

"Cruiser was about as celebrated for his viciousness as I have been for taming him. Noblemen used to go and throw articles into his brick box in order to see him fight. I was asked to explain the other evening how I approached him with your permit-tee I will do so. I think horses have a reason for every thing they do. I know if I had fought others who came to whip him. In the box was a double door, so that I could open the upper half. I went quietly; opened the door cautiously. Cruiser turned round, saw me, started back frightfully, but did not attempt to come at me. Cruiser came slowly up to smell of me, as he will, and, in spite of Lord Dorchester's entreaties, I stood still. Presently, when I saw that he stood naturally, I began to fondle him. Lord Dorchester begged me to tie his hand, and I did so, but you never saw such fighting. Finding that he would either kill himself or tan down the box I released him, and he ran all over again. After he allowed me to fondle him, I took him into the straw-yard, and proceeded as with any other horse, until at last he would let me take my liberty with him, and Lord Dorchester mounted him with impunity."

Cruiser then gave Mr. RAREY his foot, like a gentleman, and was then withdrawn; Mr. RAREY stat-

ing that he had had a little private conversation with the horse, and that it had begged him not to drag it about till its side was healed.

One of the horses of the Second Avenue Railroad was then sent in, with the following note:

"New York, Jan. 7, 1861.

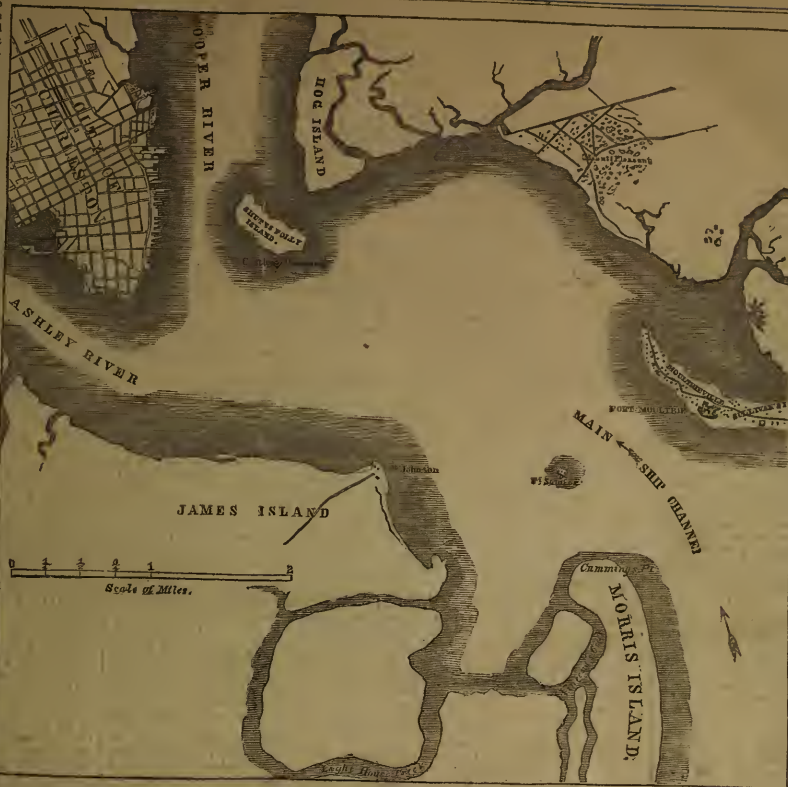
"Mr. J. S. HARRY.—The mare I send you is a very bad kicker, and strikes with her fore feet. No one is able to go into her stable. She is very treacherous, and gives no warning. If you can tame her your system is good for any horse."

The *Harold* reporter thus describes how she was tamed:

"When the horse appeared upon the stage it was a tough-looking customer enough. A regular car-horse—thin, wiry, dirty, stubborn, vicious, evil-eyed. It has not been shod except with all its feet tied, and then with difficulty. Every time Harry touched it the horse kicked most savagely. First one little strap was tied on, however, and then another. The horse fell easily, as it had been used to be thrown thus to be shod. But when the straps were taken off, and Harry began his familiarities, however, then came the tug of war. It was kick and bite, soothe and fondle, get up and fall down, until at last the poor car-horse succumbed to kindness. Harry's head lay between those formidable hooks; Harry's hand entered the bridle which had not been removed for months; Harry played blacksmith, and hammered at the shoe without any difficulty, and curing the last bit of restlessness by turning the horse round and round a while. Harry led off the subdued old equine bag with as much complacency as if biting and kicking had never been known. The owner sat beside our reporter, and his surprise—he knew the horse so well—only outran that of the audience."

On Thursday, 10th, Mr. Harry experimented on Peacock, a very savage brute, which seems to possess every vice. The *New York Times* says of the experiment:

"The collar which he had round his neck had not been removed for a great length of time. He was a dangerous horse to look at, with a swish tail that seemed to bid defiance to the world. Mr. Harry placed his hands upon him. The contest occupied some time, for Peacock possessed pluck as well as endurance, but at length he had to succumb."



MAP SHOWING THE FORTS, ISLANDS, ETC., OF THE HARBOR OF CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

LADY SEAMER'S ESCAPE. A LOVE STORY.

MISS DULCY DIGBY had at last won what she had been begging and praying for all the days of her life—that is to say, all the days of her life

since she was wise enough to realize her mother's theory—that it is the first duty of a poor, well-born, highly-educated young lady to marry a man of good family, of good fortune, and of any other good which nature might have made incidental to the bargain.

Dulcy preferred certainties and securities, and she refused him at her peril—refused him with much misgiving and reluctance, and a pain, the permanence of which she had yet to learn. She had a certain tenderness for George which his persistence might have blown up into a flame of devotion;

Sir John Seamer had proposed to her, and she had accepted him.

It was in the drawing-room, after a state dinner party; and, when the momentous transaction was accomplished, the gentleman went over and talked to her mother. Dulcy stood leaning against the piano, turning over her music. Mr. George Miller approached her and spoke; she answered him confusedly, and with the tears in her eyes. Dulcy was not a lachrymose person, and what had occurred flashed upon him immediately.

Dulcy Digby and he had been great friends once upon a time (once upon a time was about four years ago), but George was even poorer then than now, and she was ambitious and did not see him well. He remembered the miserable pain she had made him suffer, and though he was radically cured of that wound, which had not even left a cicatrice, he had not forgiven her. He did not address her a second time, but turned away with a remorseful generosity. He had first loved and then hated her. When she would have embraced her father with him again, he mortified her. Now he was indifferent; she had lost her power of fascinating him. If he had seen the man in the moon courting her he would not have cared.

The same can not be said for Dulcy. George was a generous, sensible, affectionate, lovable man—if he only could have gratified her grand desire. More's the pity, George could not. He could only give her a genuine love and admiration, a share of his younger son's moderate allowance, and a venture in his Bank of Hope.



THE STEAMSHIP "STAR OF THE WEST."

THE FIRST OF THE WAR.

We publish herewith pictures of the United States steam-sloop *Brooklyn*, of the steamship *Star of the West*, and of the steamship *Marion*, which three vessels figured so prominently in the movements of last week; and on page 37 we give a large plan of Charleston harbor, showing the forts, etc., together with a view of Fort Johnson. These pictures will enable our readers to realize what is going on in this most memorable contest of the present age.

On Wednesday morning, January 9, 1861, the

first shots were fired. At daybreak on that morning the steamship *Star of the West*, with 250 United States troops on board, attempted to enter the harbor of Charleston for the purpose of communicating with Fort Sumter. The people of Charleston had been warned of her coming and of her errand by telegraph. They determined to prevent her reaching Fort Sumter. Accordingly, as soon as she came within range, batteries on Morris Island and at Fort Moultrie opened on her. The first shot was fired across her bows; whereupon she increased her speed, and hoisted the stars and stripes. Other shots were then fired in rapid suc-

cession from Morris Island, two or more of which hulled the steamer, and compelled her to put about and go to sea. The accompanying picture shows the *Star of the West* as she entered Charleston harbor; the plan will explain the situation of the forts, and the position of the steamer when she was fired upon. The channel through which she passed runs close by Morris Island for some distance.

Fort Sumter made no demonstration, except at the port-holes, where guns were run out bearing on Morris Island.

About eleven o'clock A.M. on 9th a boat from

Fort Sumter, bearing Lieutenant Hall with a white flag, approached the city. Lieutenant Hall had an interview with Governor Pickens, and was afterward escorted to his boat and re-embarked for Fort Sumter. The communication from Major Anderson was as follows:

MAJOR ANDERSON TO GOVERNOR PICKENS.

"To His Excellency the Governor of South Carolina:

"Sir.—Two of your batteries fired this morning on an unarmed vessel bearing the flag of my government. As I have not been notified that war has been declared by South Carolina against the United States, I can not but think this a hostile act, committed without your sanction



THE STEAMSHIP "MARION," SEIZED BY THE STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA TO BE CONVERTED INTO A MAN-OF-WAR.



THE UNITED STATES SLOOP OF WAR "BROOKLYN."

"Governor Pickens, after stating the position of South Carolina to the United States, says that any attempt to send United States troops into Charleston harbor to reinforce the forts would be regarded as an act of hostility, and in conclusion adds that any attempt to reinforce the troops at Fort Sumter, or to retake and resume possession of the forts within the waters of South Carolina, which Major Anderson abandoned after spiking the cannon and doing other damages, can not be regarded by the authorities of the State as indicative of any other purpose than the

"In regard to your threat about vessels in the harbor it is only necessary for me to say you must be the judge of your responsibility. Your position in the harbor has been tolerated by the authorities of the State, and while the act of which you complain is in perfect consistency with the rights and duties of the State, it is not perceived how far the conduct you propose to adopt can find a parallel in the history of any country. It is not reconcilable with any other purpose than that of your government imposing on the State the condition of a conquered province."

"E. W. PICKENS."

To His Excellency Governor Pickens:
 "Sir,—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your communication, and say that, under the circumstances, I have deemed it proper to refer the whole matter to my Government, and intend deferring the course I indicated in my note this morning until the arrival from Washington of such instructions as I may receive.

The picture on page 37 will convey to the beholder some idea of the work known as Fort Johnson, on the nearest extremity of James Island to Fort Sumter. In the event of an attack upon that Fort from the shore, Fort Johnson would naturally be the principal point from which the attack would be made. At present it is hardly a fortified point, there being nothing but a barrack and a few store-houses to certify to its military character. But the Charleston papers state that men are busily engaged in throwing up earth-works and batteries there.

STEAMSHIP SLOOP OF WAR "BROOKLYN."

The Brooklyn is at present hourly expected at New-York, and may take an active part in any operations which may be undertaken by the fleet at New York on the 27th of July, 1858, and took her place on the navy on the first of January, 1859. She is by far the largest ship of war in the navy, or in the world, and carries the heaviest armament yet fitted on a vessel of her class; she only draws 16 feet water. Her length on deck is 247 feet, breadth of beam 43 feet, depth of hold 21½ feet, being 3000 tons, good sailing, and very strong. On her guns are mounted 100 heavy 32 pounders, 10 light 11 pounders, the navy register, although pierced for 160, and shell guns, and two 10-inch pivot guns, the weight of each being nearly six tons. All the hatch and main combings on this deck are of mahogany—a material much better adapted than iron for the purpose. All the spare parts required, together with three masts, are carried upon a bridge amidships, elevated above the deck sufficiently high to walk over it without injury to the rigging. By this arrangement the space upon the deck is improved for working the guns, and the hull is strengthened and made more compactly constructed for working the guns. Her entire complement is about 300 men. The captain's cabin occupies the space of 25 feet in length at the stern, and is furnished with every convenience, and patent, now generally adopted in the naval service. Her propeller is of composition, 14 feet 6 inches in diameter, and weighing 13,000 pounds. It is arranged so as to revolve in 30 seconds. It can be taken out of its position, if needed, and replaced by another in less than five minutes. It is arranged for the purpose, in less than two minutes. She is spared precisely like sailing vessels of similar tonnage in the merchant service, her screw being turned by hand. Her speed is superior to all other ships of her size.

THE mean stairs of the tenement-house rattled and creaked with the steps of late rioters; all the foot-worn boards sprang again with the tread of loutish men that stumbled through the damp, ill-lighted halls of the house No. 600 and odd Fourth Street.

With the cap of Fortunatus on I saw what I relate.

the beams by scaffolding brought the people close to the stage, and always near upon that night. Carefully threading our way through the throng, we went toward the Bowery. All the living and the dead, the side of people part on each side, and made wide rows of humanity upon the walls, all the people, all the faces, all the eyes, all the mouths, all the ears, all the sweet virtues of the mortal heart open vividly in the faces of the populace: for, as I knew, and as the people knew, they had forgotten care, and were careless. Down the Bowery the people were for sale, were offered for sale, were bought, were sold, as all the vendible people of fair-land had their standing places. In some shops there were green apples with such rare store of fruit upon them of every color, and the people were buying and eating of the ring with the magician alone, for surely we were in Auldin's garden. Soon we stopped, and I took one of these little stores. The lady, who had entered all about, purchased a doll and some other things, and then she turned to me, and said, "I am here." She put it down with a sigh, and was going away. There were many people in the store, and among others a tall gentleman and a woman, and a child. He saw the look and asked me to keep it for him. She took it with a surprised look of gratitude, and left the store. I followed

If I had been visible to mortal eyes then I should have been seen in a corner with folded arms and gathered brow closely watching. This was what the lady said:

"It is no harm to look upon your face now, dear Walter; it is no sin, since my husband is gone. Oh, why did you not come again from abroad, and take me to your heart as you promised?"

Why, indeed? I said to myself, and peeped over my shoulder. I saw a sad young man, full of grief, with his eyes in the eyes and altogether most noble featured.

The lady reached and took up the letters with a tender care—how old and how silent the room and the world were then! I thought I heard the beating of her heart as it pulsed its food through her veins, and I saw the quivering of her white lips as the life vibrated in them. All the fluttering leaves of the sacred book were apart, and with their white lips told me her tale. I saw there the record of a sorrowful, disappointed life; I saw the accomplishment of an unequal and unhappy marriage, because without love; I saw the long, long years of waiting, and the heart-torturing dream; and, finally, the heart's consent to the sacrifice of all. Then I saw the gap in the volume and the burial of the husband, the surrender of house and home to pay debts.

The lady said she would.
The lady and the Fur Collar sat long in quiet

tempered the burning rays of a mid-summer sun; a

Easier said than done. The struggling horse was down, and both thills broken short off. Lanky jumped, caught his foot in the reins, and fell.

that upon his face in the soft mud. I was more successful. Seizing the horse by the bits, I made a dash for the fence, and, with a recollection of going through a series of gymnastic and equestrian exercises, I was enabled to cover myself by the champions of the mud-dust arena. I tumbled impossible croureaults, made a miraculous leap, stood upon my head one moment, lay upon my back the next, rolled over the horse, rolled under the horse, swung round his head like a whip-lash, my feet cutting down the tall grass in swaths equal to those made by a first-rate scythe, and, all this upon a carpet of mire, wherein to sink, and to sink I did, almost out of sight.

At last I somehow reached dry land, and, clinging to the bits, where I was joined by Leaky, who, as he scraped the mud from his face, hair, and nostrils, whistled, said,

"What the devil am I going to do? Mud from

growing tens and vigorous language upon the beauties of a prairie country, especially in a western season. At supper our potatoes were boiled in a kettle in which Lanky swore he had seen the old lady wash her feet, the night before. We ate them, however, with a keen relish. We were too hungry to be over fastidious about tidbits.

A DAY'S RIDE.

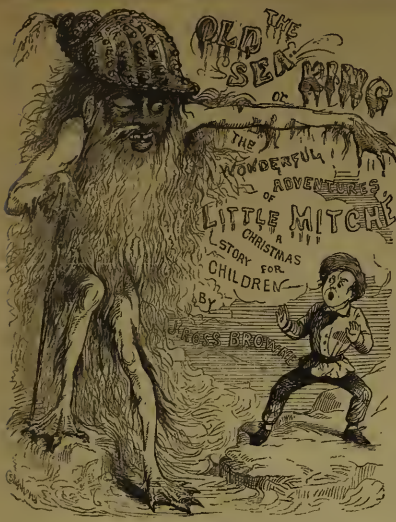
A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

CLY & EMBOLD, BOOKBINDER

RESPECTABLE reader, there is no use in asking you if you have ever been in the Hotel of

Poor fellow! I had not the vaguest idea of the eloquence he possessed till he came to talk on these matters. From modest and distrustful, he grew assured and confident; his hesitations disappeared, his fluency increased, and his rich vocabulary; and he repeatedly declared that though the exterior was unimpressive, and the service generally homely, there were substantial comforts obtainable which far surpassed those of more pretentious houses. "You are tormented on paper," he said; "but power is a rare material to impart relish to a savory mess." Though we should dine in the kitchen, he gave me to understand that even in this there were advantages. "You are not a gourmet," he said; "I know what it is to taste that rich odor of the 'roast,' or that fragrant incense that stemmed up from the luscious stew, and which were to cookery what bonnet was to wine.

"I will not say to you, honored Sir, condescend to my company," which



PART I.

"A LITTLE boy strayed away from home on a bright morning in December, and wandered down by the sea-shore. This happened in California, where many other wonderful things happen; though people are not generally aware that little boys stray from home and wander by the sea-shore in no new a country. It must be admitted, however, that this was a very remarkable little boy. He was about six years of age, and had a very large head and a very small pair of legs. The corners of his mouth, and the corners of his eyes, and the end of his nose all turned up at the same



MITCHELL NOT CRYING.

MITCHELL CRYING.

dime, except when he cried, which sometimes happened, and then they all turned down at the same time. The toes of his shoes were always kicked out against little pebbles and stumps, on account of a propensity this little boy had for trying what every thing was made of; and the knees of his trousers and elbows of his jacket seemed always to be burst wide open laughing at his bare knees, because they looked so much like little new points too just dug out of the ground. What was still more remarkable, no matter how many new bats were put on his head, his hair grew so straight up in the middle that it generally found out a way of getting through the crown, and looking about in every direction as if in search of another bat. In all of which resulted, no doubt, from the wonderful genius of this little boy.

As he was walking by the sea-shore, on that pleasant morning when he strayed away from home, he observed that the sun was bright and warm, and the sea looked as smooth as glass. Said he to himself, smiling pleasantly at the idea, "Oh, if I had every thing I wish for, how happy I would be!" A very unreasonable wish, as you must admit; for our little friend had kind parents, and brothers and sisters, and every thing in the world that any reasonable boy of his age ought to have. Just as he repeated this indeliberate wish, a voice, apparently from under the rocks, called out to him, "Hallo! my little friend, tell me your name, and I will give you whatever you wish for." It was the old King of the Sea that spoke. The little boy was startled, and no wonder, for at the same moment he heard a splashing in the water, and up rose the oddest figure imaginable. It was that of a very old man, all covered with seaweeds, and the salt brine dripping from his beard, arms, and legs. On his head was a crown made of a large conch-shell. All the rest of his costume consisted of variegated sea-weeds, which seemed to grow on him naturally, just as they grow upon the rocks along the sea-shore. The face of the old Sea-King was wrinkled, partly by age and partly by exposure to bad weather. His nose was very long, and he had only one eye, which seemed to be made of an oyster-brine dripping from a shell fastened in the middle of it. I am unable to say what happened to the other eye, but imagine he must have struck it against a sharp rock one dark night when he was diving down in search of a star-fish. Although the little boy was naturally startled when he saw this odd figure standing before him, on the rocks, he promptly answered, "My name, Sir, is Mitchell!"

"Oh!" said the old Sea-King, "I thought so,

You look like a boy of that name; and a very pretty name it is, too derived from the French, perhaps. Now, Mitchell, you shall have every thing you wish for, on one condition."

"And pray, Sir, what is the condition?" Mitchell asked.

"Nothing more than this," replied the old Sea-King—"you must only wish for one thing at a time. The moment you wish for any thing else what you first wished for will vanish. In this, you perceive, I go farther than any of the great Genii of which you read in the Story-books. They only give THREE wishes, but I give as many as you please—only one at a time. The reason of this, is because I am the great-grandfather of Neptune, and have much more experience in the world than any of the Genii at present known to mankind."

The little boy reflected a while over the many thousand things that he was in want of—including kites, marbles, tops, wooden soldiers, pop-guns, and bows and arrows—but could think of nothing so desirable that something else did not present itself to his mind. Puzzled with the variety of

beautiful things to be had merely by expressing a wish, he gazed out upon the sea in search of an idea on the subject.

"I have it!" cried Little Mitchell, joyfully, "the sea is as smooth as glass. I will go skating on the water! Since you are so kind, Sir," said he, turning to the Sea-King, "as to promise me whatever I desire, I will thank you to furnish me with a pair of skates that will bear me over the beautiful sea!"

No sooner had he uttered these words than the skates were on his feet, and away he went skating over the bright blue sea, a thousand times faster than ever a boy skated upon ice.

So delighted was he with the sport that he chased the sea-gulls and flying-fish from island to island,



MITCHELL SKATING.

and never stopped skating till he began to grow hungry with the exercise. "This is glorious fun!" said Little Mitchell. "I could not have wished for any thing better. I can now follow all the great ships that sail upon the sea, and find out where they are going. However, I am getting rather hungry. I wish I had a piece of bread-and-butter." In an instant a piece of bread-and-butter was in his hand, but before he could raise it to his mouth down he went in the water; for, as the old Sea-King had told him, the second wish had caused what he had first wished for to vanish. Poor Little Mitchell floundered about in the sea, trying for help and almost choking for breath. It was certainly quite natural for him to wish for bread-and-butter when he was hungry; but he should first have made sure of an island or something else to stand upon. Just as he was about to go to the bottom he cried out, "O great Sea-King! please, Sir, send me a boat!" As if by magic a beautiful little boat appeared close by him, with a rope-ladder hanging over the side. Of course he leaped up and time in climbing into it. "Dear me," said he, all



MITCHELL IN THE BEAUTIFUL BOAT.

dripping with salt-water, "how wet I am! I never thought of it! Next time I'll take good care not to wish for one thing till I can do without the other. It was very careless of me to forget what the old Sea-King told me so soon. I won't do so again in a hurry, for it is certainly very unpleasant

ant sitting here in wet clothes—I wish I had some dry ones!" No sooner had he said this than his clothes were perfectly dry; but at the same time the boat sank from under him, and he was soon

floundering about again in the sea. What an absurd Little Mitchell! to do the very same thing he had just done before and determined not to do again! As he was about to sink for the third and last time he cried out, at the top of his voice, "Oh dear me! oh dear! I shall certainly be drowned! Oh, if I were only on dry land!" Sure enough, at the very same moment he was standing on a great desert of land, so dry that not a blade of grass grew upon it. Even the lizards, that popped out of the holes in the ground to look at him, could not keep their eyes open, so intensely hot was the sun; and a horned frog, that incautiously exposed his head to the heat, was immediately rendered insensible, and had to be dragged back into his hole by the other horned frogs that lived with him. Little Mitchell began to turn up with thirst. "What a horrible country this is!" said he, looking all around; "not a tree or shrub to shield one's head from the sun, and not a drop of water to drink. I wish I had a glass of water!" Instantly he found himself hanging to a glass filled with water; but there was neither earth nor sea around him—nothing but thin air. He imagined that he was falling down through the sky, and would presently strike something—a very natural thing for a little boy to imagine himself in such circumstances. So he cried out in despair, "Dear me! I shall certainly be killed falling from such a height!" Almost

MITCHELL OUT OF THE BEAUTIFUL BOAT.

every body with a very large head and a small pair of legs to balance it, would have come to the same conclusion at the same height. "Oh dear! oh dear!" cried Little Mitchell. "I see the great big rocks! I wish I had a pair of wings!" As he said the words he found himself flapping about in the air



MITCHELL WITH WINGS.

with a pair of big wings, just like a crow. A portion of his shirt conveniently answered the purpose of a tail. As he was flying over a corn-field he spied a man with a gun, who was apparently a dead shot at crows. "Now," said Mitchell, "this fellow will certainly shoot me if I come within range of his gun. He has a very bad expression of countenance, as well as I am so tired I must light on the fence. I do wish I had a bow-and-arrow, and I would give him a pop on the head as I pass over, merely to teach him how he would like to be shot at if he were a crow." Exactly as he wished, the bow-and-arrow were instantly in his hands; but at the same moment, as he might well have known had he taken time for reflection, his wings vanished, and down he tumbled plump on the top of the man's head! This broke his fall, and frightened the man very seriously. "A demon! A fiend!" cried the man, clapping his hand on the top of his head, and running away as fast as his legs would carry him. "A demon with wings! Get out of the way, every body!" And he ran so fast that the people thought he was a madman, and all began running in every direction to get out of his way.

Little Mitchell stood on the ground for some time thinking what he would do next, when a furious wild bull came bellowing up the road. There was a great cry, and all the people knew very well that all he had to do was to wish himself in the top of it, in order to be perfectly safe. This made him very brave. Indeed, it would make any person so, when threatened by an attack from a mad bull, to know that there was a place of security close at hand. Mitchell thought he would enjoy a little satisfaction for the repeated frights that he had suffered from imaginary attacks of mad bulls; so, doubling up his fists, he stood out in the middle of the road in a defiant attitude, and called upon the old bull to come on.

"You are an ugly brute!" cried he, bravely; "the ugliest brute I ever saw. No doubt you think you are very strong, with that great big neck, and those sharp horns; but you can't frighten me! When I was a small boy you might have done so, with your horrible red tongue and fiery nostrils. Now, you see, the case is different. I am big, and can whip you with one of my fists. Oh, you needn't bellow with rage! I dare you to come on, you ugly old scamp!" Of course the bull couldn't stand this. No bull in existence could be insulted in that way with impunity. The enraged animal flashed fire out of his eyes, lowered his head, put out his great red tongue, and rushed full tilt at our brave lit-



MITCHELL REVIVING THE MAD BULL.

tle hero. Just then Mitchell wished himself up in the top of the tree, and there he immediately was, quite safe from every animal of the bull species. Now this made his adversary very furious. "Oh, you cowardly rascal!" cried Mitchell, as the bull bellowed all around the tree, tearing up the earth and casting it over his back with rage. "Why don't you come on? I'm waiting for you! I only wish I had a big stone in my hand; I'd soon



MITCHELL AND THE BIG STONE.

spoil your beauty!" Upon which he immediately found himself armed with a stone so big that he could hardly carry it with both hands. But alas! the tree had vanished from under him, and the furious bull was coming at him full tilt. The position was certainly very awkward, and afforded no time for reflection. Mitchell took to his heels and ran away a great deal faster than the man



MITCHELL LIVES TO FIGHT ANOTHER DAY.

with the gun did from the demon, shouting, "Help! help! Oh, gracious! I'll be gored to death! The man bull is after me! Help! Oh, I wish—"

But before he could wish any more the bull had inserted one of his horns in the ragged part of his trousers and tossed him over the fence into the corn-field. It was a very fortunate but inglorious termination of the battle.

After all these strange adventures Mitchell, as soon as the year was over, went very soberly home. When he arrived there, and related what had occurred, he was soundly corrected by his father. Mamma, for escaping so many dangers, and put to bed, where he quietly forgot his troubles and fell fast asleep. And thus ends the first part of the Christmas Story.



MITCHELL IS TOSSED OVER THE FENCE.

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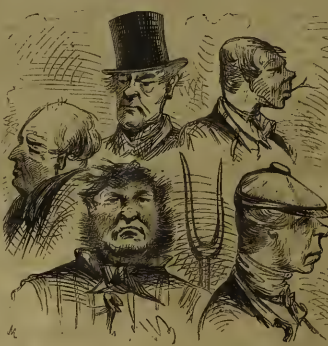
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